

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrickke* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is betweene us
Ore-master't as you may: and now good friends,
As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers
Give me one poore request.

Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Never make knowne what you have seene to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, saist thou so? art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Selleridge
Consent to swear.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique*, then wee'll shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe upon my sword:

Swear by my sword.

Never to speake of this that you have heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst thou worke i'th earth so fast?

A wor-

Prince of Denmarke.

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.

Hora. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:

There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*
Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,
Here as before; never so help you mercy,
(How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an antike disposition on,

That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With armes encombred thus, or head thus shak't,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, well well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)

That you know ought of me, this doe swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So Gentlemen
With all my love I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is
May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joint, O cursed spight
That ever I was borne to set it right!
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius with his man or two.

Pol. Give him this money, and these two notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visit him to make inquire
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord I did intend it.

Pol. Marriewell said, very well said, looke you fir,
Enquire me first what *Danckers* are in *Paris*,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence: and finding

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